

# AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE,

AND

## FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

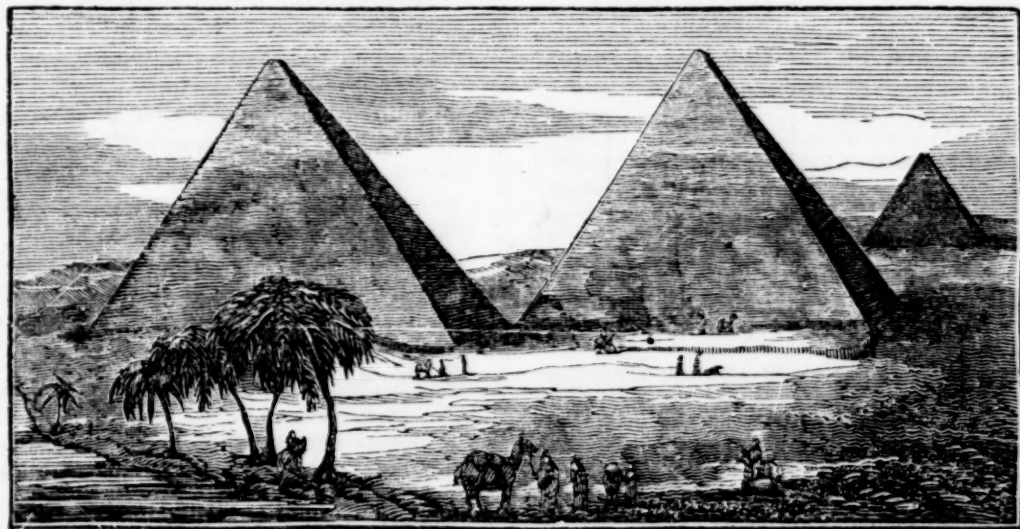
EDITED BY THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.,  
*Express Office, 112 Broadway*

PRICE 3 CENTS, SINGLE

VOL. II.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1846.

No. 22.



THE PYRAMIDS.

These three immense heaps of stone are the most conspicuous in size and situation of all the pyramids of Egypt, as well as the most celebrated in the writings of authors, both ancient and modern, although there are hundreds of others along the banks of the Nile, of various forms and materials, and many of them doubtless of long anterior dates. Pyramids, or structures which have been so named, are found in some other parts of the world; and mounds, of various sizes, are very numerous, especially in North America: but these three well known piles, which first attract the traveller's attention after entering the Nile, which many have contemplated with awe, and of whose founders and design such various conjectures have been formed, especially bear the name of "the Pyramids," and are commonly intended, when that term is employed.

We have given several interesting passages respecting these and other Egyptian antiquities, from different writers, in pre-

ceding numbers of this magazine, (see Vol. I., pages 65, 181, 117, 422, &c.) but the subject is of such peculiar interest, and abounds in such copious details, that we need not apologize for a frequent recurrence to it. The researches of a few past years have settled several important facts. The dates of these immense structures are agreed upon, the quarries have been discovered which furnished the materials, and the nearly level routes by which the blocks were drawn. One of the numerous excavations made, by curious investigators, has also brought to light portions of the beautiful white marble facing, which doubtless originally covered the entire exterior. This enables us in imagination to restore these stupendous edifices to their first appearance and dimensions.

It appears that the Turks deprived them of their rich casing, and thus somewhat reduced their size on all sides, and still more the elegance and perfection of their appearance.

No recent discoveries have been made in the interior of these pyramids. It is to be presumed that the masses are solid throughout, or that there are, at most, only a few small chambers or passages. No echo returns a sound indicative of a hollowness within; and every attempt made to penetrate them, discloses new blocks of stone, which present every discouragement to the workmen and their best tools. The only chambers known are those so often entered in the great pyramid, drawings of which are before us in Denon's first volume; and these are so very small in comparison with the immense bulk above and around, that no man in his senses would attempt to hit upon anything of the kind in either of the others by hazard.

We add here Denon's animated account of his hasty visit to these pyramids, in company with a party of Bonaparte's Officers, &c., soon after the debarkation of the French arm in Egypt, in 1798.

At more than ten leagues from Cairo we discovered the points of the pyramids piercing the horizon; soon after we saw Mount-Katam, and opposite to it, the chain of hills which separate Egypt from Lybia, and form a barrier to the banks of the Nile against the sands of the desert; but in this eternal conflict between this destructive scourge and the beneficent river, the inundation of sand often overwhelms the country, changes its fertility to barrenness, drives the laborer from his house, whose walls it covers up, and leaves no other mark of vegetable life than the tops of a few palm-trees, which add still more to the dreary aspect of destruction.

I felt delighted in seeing these mountains, and visiting monuments, of which both the date and object of construction are lost in the night of past ages; my mind was full of emotion on contemplating these vast scenes, and I regretted the approach of the night, which spread a veil over so striking a picture to the imagination, and concealed also the point of the Delta, where, among other magnificent plans, it was proposed to build a new metropolis for Egypt. At the first dawn of day I again saluted with my eyes the pyramids, and took several views; and it was interesting to see on the surface of the Nile, then at high flood, the different villages glide before the eyes, backed by these monuments, which were destined to record

events that gave local interest to every object.

I wished to be able to draw them with that fine transparent hue which they derive from the immense volume of air that surrounds them: this a peculiarity belonging to these monuments, which they owe to their great elevation; for the vast distance at which they are distinguishable renders them almost transparent and the blue tint of the sky causes their angles to appear sharp and well defined, though they have been rounded by the decay of years.

When I arrived at head-quarters at Cairo, I learnt that the commander in chief was then setting out for the pyramids, accompanied by two hundred men, who were to protect them in their researches.

The officer who commanded the escort happened to be one of my friends; he entered me in the list of those who were bound for the pyramids; we were about three hundred. The next morning, after much waiting to collect the party, we set out, late, as generally happens where many are to be put in motion. We sailed through the fields by the inundation trenches, and after tacking often through the cultivated country, we landed about noon on the borders of the desert, half a league from the pyramids. I took several views of them in different positions as we approached.

As soon as we quitted our boats we found ourselves in the sands, and climbed the level on which these monuments rest. In approaching these stupendous buildings, their sloping and angular forms disguise their real height, and lessen it to the eye; and besides, as every thing regular is only great or small by comparison, and as these masses of stone eclipse in magnitude every surrounding object, and yet are much inferior to a mountain (the only thing with which our imagination can compare them) one is surprised to find the first impression given by viewing them at a distance, so much diminished on a nearer approach. However, on attempting to measure any of these gigantic works of art by some known scale, it resumes its immensity to the mind; for as I approached to the opening, a hundred persons who were standing under it appeared so small, that I could hardly take them for men.

But to return to the actual state of the pyramids; let us first ascend a small heap of sand and rubbish, which is perhaps the remains of the trench of the first of these edifices which present itself, and which now leads to the opening through which it may



be reached. This opening, which is nearly sixty feet from the base, is concealed by a general stone-facing, which forms the third or inner inclosure to the solitary entrenchment around this great and wonderful monument. Here begins the first gallery; its direction lies towards the centre and base of the edifice; but the rubbish, which has been but ill cleaned out, or which owing to the natural slope, has fallen back into the gallery, added to the sand daily drifted in by the north wind, and which, is never forced out again, has so blocked up the passage as to render it very inconvenient to cross. At the extremity two blocks of granite are met with, which form a second partition to this mysterious passage.

This obstacle appears to have perplexed all those who have undertaken the research, and has led to several random attempts to surmount it. Endeavors have been made by former visitors to cut a passage through the solid stone, but this proving unsuccessful, they have returned: some have passed round two blocks of stone, climbed over them, and thus discovered a second gallery of so steep an ascent, that it has been necessary to hew steps in the ground in order to mount it. This gallery leads to a kind of landing-place, in which is a hole usually called "the well," which is the opening to a horizontal gallery leading to a chamber known by the name of "the queen's chamber," without ornament, cornice, or any inscription whatever.

Returning to the landing-place, a perpendicular opening leads to the grand gallery, which terminates in a second landing-place, on which is the third and last partition, constructed with much more art, and which gives a striking idea of the importance which the Egyptians attached to the inviolability of their places of sepulture.

Lastly comes the royal chamber, containing the sarcophagus, a narrow sanctuary which is the sole end and object of an edifice so stupendous, so colossal, in comparison of all the other works of man.

In reflecting on the object of the construction of the pyramids, the gigantic pride which gave them birth appears more enormous even than their actual dimensions, and one hardly knows which is the most astonishing, the meanness of tyrannical oppression, which dared to order the undertaking, or the stupid servility of obedience in the people who submitted to the labor. In short, the most favorable view, for the honor of human nature, in which these monuments can be considered is, that man

was thereby ambitious of rivaling nature in immensity and eternity, and not without success, since the mountains contiguous to these edifices are less high, and still less exempted from the ravages of time than the work of human hands.

We had only two hours to devote to the pyramids, and I had employed an hour and a half in visiting the interior of the only one which was open: I had stretched all my attention to retain what I had seen; I had taken drawings and measurements as well as I was able with a single foot rule; in short, I had filled my head, and I hoped to bring away many observations worthy of remark; but on recalling them to memory the next morning, I found I had a volume of queries still to make. I returned from my journey harassed and agitated, and found my curiosity more stimulated than satisfied by my visit to the pyramids.

#### SCIENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

When they speak of the mountains, they distinguish them as primary and secondary—they represent them as being born; they make them rise; they make them melt like wax; they abase the valleys; in a word, they speak as a geological poet of our day would do. "The mountains were lifted up, O Lord, and the valleys were abased in the place thou hadst assigned them!" When they speak of the human race, of every tribe, color, and language, they give them the only and the same origin, although the philosophy of every age has so often revolted against this truth, and while that of the moderns finds itself compelled to acknowledge it. When they speak of the interior state of our globe, they declare two great facts unknown to the learned, but rendered incontestable by recent discoveries; the one relating to the solid crust, the other to the great waters which it covers. And when they speak of the waters that our globe contains, they refer to them as the only cause, at least in this relation, of the immense inundations which have (according to the learned themselves) completely and for a long time submerged it at different periods; the learned at this day tell us of the shallowness of the seas, while they assure us that an elevation of the land, only 665 feet, or less than twice the height of the tower of Strasburg, would suffice to cause the Baltic Sea, the North Sea, St. George's Channel and the British Channel to disappear; and that Mount Blanc, removed into the depth of the Pacific Ocean, would be sufficiently high to appear as an island.—*Sel.*

## LITERARY PILGRIMAGES IN LONDON.

## THE HOUSES OF MILTON AND DRYDEN.

I love, occasionally, to turn aside from the living, ever-moving stream of human life, which flows the streets of London, and to wander their way in old bye-places, and half-forsaken localities, which are dear to the lovers of literature, because of their associations with books and authors. And there are hundreds of such places still existing in this metropolis, of which the multitude know nothing—places where genius dwelt, and struggled, and pined, and perished—perished so far as flesh and blood mortality is concerned, for the principle of genius itself is deathless. Walk, reader, through the lengths and breadths of this overgrown place which we call London, with an intelligent old antiquarian, and you shall experience great delight in visiting localities sacred, in consequence of their former inhabitants.

Go to Westminster, and to a place of it called Selty France, and there, at No. 19 Duke street, is the identical house in which John Milton may be said to have passed eight years of the most eventual portion of his career—when he was surrounded by the intellect and moral worth of the time, and visited by some of the worthiest in Europe. Here he lost his first wife, and afterwards married a second, who died, however, within a year after their marriage, and in this house his eye-sight finally departed from him. Thus highly trusted and much honored, though meanly rewarded, assailed withal by the bitter animosity of his political opponents, suffering bodily deprivation, and undergoing domestic sorrows, without leisure or relaxation, it may well be said that in this house Milton died and suffered.

The house presents nothing remarkable, as regards the aspect from York street, which now represents the front, for the house may be said to have been turned round in the latter times, and that which is now the back has formerly been the face of the building, looking into St. James's Park. We enter by a narrow passage, separating on the left a shop where coals and potatoes are vended, and a back apartment, which may formerly have been the kitchen. On the first floor is a large panelled room, which even in present neglect and poverty, has an unquestionable air of better times, being lofty and spacious, with cheertful access of light, and a pleasant prospect, looking through the foliage, towards Whitehall. But the glory is gone from that old room. Sit down, reader, in this rickety old chair, and let us see if we cannot, by an exercise of imagination, call back, in some faint measure, the time when the blind old man of London trod these boards. Let us remove a few of the innovations, in the shape of bird-cages and trumpery pictures, and hang up here and there a bit of tapestry, with a few portraits, including those of the Lord Protector and of Milton, by his friend

Mr. Samuel Cooper, which was bequeathed to Deborah Milton, who was her father's amanuensis, and afterwards came into possession of Sir William Davenant's family, having been eagerly sought by Lord Dorset, John Somers, Esq., and Sir Robert Howard, Dryden, Aterbury, Dr. Aldrich, and Sir John Denham. This portrait evidently belongs to the house, and might be called the Whitehall Milton. The countenance is care-worn, and somewhat pinched. A drooping of the eyelids indicates the weakness of over-strained vision. Just before

"These eyes though clear  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,  
Or sun or moon, or star throughout the year,  
Or man or women."?

The mouth, which in youth was also of feminine beauty, has become severe and drawn, as by the suppression of all lighter elements of speech.

But to complete our imaginary picture of Milton's apartment, books, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew sources of his deep and varied knowledge must be at hand; the musical instruments, upon which he is said to have excelled, are hung by, as things now but little resorted to, saving the majestic organ, whereby he attuned his numbers; that is open, a thing of daily solace, and the accompaniment of his morning aspirations to the Most High. Flowers, and such feminine indications as may suggest the neighborhood of the poet's daughters; a table near the window where he himself wrote; and the chamber, dim, and dingy, and battered, as it is, may not seem quite unworthy of its former occupant.

In order to view what was formerly the front of the residence, we traverse the garden which belonged to Jeremy Bentham.

The front appears to have undergone much alteration. The windows are comparatively modern, and two of them have been blocked up, in order to evade the duty on light. The former windows probably occupied the whole breadth, with sliding frames, or lattice divided by panels. The lower part of the building is now walled in so as to divide it from the garden, which formerly belonged to it, and in the wall forming the opposite boundary are the marks of a door, now built up, by which a transit to the park was obtained.

Look up, and we shall perceive, rather high for those whose optics are none of the best, an inscription, placed there by the piety of Jeremy Bentham, to the following effect:

"Sacred to Milton,  
Prince of Poets."

A tree, said to have been planted by the hands of Milton, still puts forth its green foliage, and at intervals scatters all around its downy blossoms. It is of the species commonly called the weeping willow, and it is not unlike some of the drooping elm trees



which I have seen in America. Its curved trunk gives a grace to the plain and somewhat dingy fabric which it overshadows.—Many other trees surround us where we stand; some young, and as full of promise as trees in London can be, others declining into gnarled age, their trellised shadows falling in many pleasing and fantastical interlacings upon the sunny ground; and though we look upon a fabric which has never been more than a plain and humble dwelling in itself, the genius of the place impresses the mind with a sense of awe and solemn veneration, until we feel as though there were an angel in the house. Such an impression may have induced that gifted, but irregular and wayward spirit, William Hazlitt, to choose this place for his residence.—*Boston Atlas*.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

It is difficult to say what was the first collection of books in the world. Ancient historians relate that a king of Egypt, named *Osymandrias*, had in his palace at Thebes a large library, over the door of which he placed this inscription: "Cure for the maladies of the soul." This was rather ostentatious, and not entirely untrue; the soul has many maladies which this king of Egypt's books could not cure; the only book to which this inscription can be applied, *the Bible*, was not in this ancient collection, and probably few souls have been healed by the writings of the priests of Thebes and Memphis. I would add, as a curious fact, that one of our modern learned men, Champollion, has lately discovered some traces of this establishment, the founding of which he attributes to *Raames Sesostris*.

Ancient Greece, divided into many petty republics which lived in constant wars, was long without libraries. The real librarians were then the rhapsodists, who went from place to place, repeating the poems of Homer. As to the Greek priests, it does not seem that they ever cultivated the sciences with the zeal of the Egyptian and Chaldean priests: as they had not so much authority in the state, they confined themselves more strictly to the practice of their ceremonies. To the philosophers of Greece, and especially to Aristotle, we owe the earliest extensive collection of books. Aristotle was aided in his efforts by the king of Alexandria; but the calamities which fell soon after upon the city of Athens, prevented the attainment of Aristotle's design.

We must still return to Egypt to find a great and famous library; that of Alexandria, founded by the successors of Alexander. Some historians assert that it contained 700,000 volumes. This number is probably much exaggerated, unless we give the name of volume to every fragment of papyrus or parchment collected in the cabinets of the learned. But reducing the number of volumes to a more reasonable estimate, it was

still the most magnificent collection of the treasures of ancient science, and the loss of this library has left an irreparable void in the annals of the human mind. The common opinion is that it was burnt by a disciple of Mahomet, caliph Omar. I do not dispute that this Omar was capable of committing such an act of Vandalism, and perhaps he destroyed the last remnants of this library; but to be frank, it should be said that the greater part had been already burnt by ignorant Christians, induced by some fanatical monks. *Cuique suum*.

The Romans were more used to handle the lance and sword than books. For several ages they read nothing at all, and were satisfied with conquering near and remote countries. When they took Carthage which had a more cultivated literature than Rome, they burnt the books, except some treatises upon agriculture, which they translated into Latin. Not till Cicero's time were libraries of any importance formed. Lucullus had one out of ostentation: he aspired to be the most opulent of the Romans, even in literary riches; and the philosopher Seneca derided some time after those patricians who put thousands of books upon gilded tables, not to read them but to gratify their vanity.

The Emperor Augustus opened in Rome two public libraries. Then Trajan and other princes increased the number. There were reckoned in this capital twenty-eight large libraries in the third century. All were pillaged and burnt by the Barbarians. As they knew not how to read, they thought that books were the most useless of all superfluities; and we must now pass over a space of several centuries, before finding any further traces of libraries. Charlemagne had collected some books, but all the high conceptions of his genius were abandoned after his death. The popes were too ignorant, too absorbed in their intestine quarrels, and hence a host of excellent writings have been lost.

At first, the monks cultivated the ground; then, placing this toil in the hands of servants, they set themselves to copy manuscripts.

Unhappily, most of the monks were plunged in the grossest ignorance; they took the philosopher Aristotle for a deacon of the primitive church, and the poet Virgil for a sorcerer. They transcribed indifferently valuable or worthless writings; and when parchment was lacking—which was often the case—they made use of old manuscripts to copy upon them the whimsies of some stupid doctors. In this way we have lost apparently the works of some eminent writers of Greece and Rome, and learned men in our day are trying to decipher under the writings of the monks that of the anterior copyist.

The schoolmen engaged in forming new libraries, but slowly.

Recourse must be had to the Arabs of Spain to recover the most illustrious compositions of ancient philosophers: these disci-

ples of Mabomet were then more enlightened, more advanced in civilization than the Christians! But soon after, a new scientific and literary life was imparted to a part of Europe. Learned men, driven from Constantinople by the Turks, came into Italy to awaken a taste for study. The art of printing was invented. The Reformation of the sixteenth century gave a powerful impulse to all mental researches. Every prince, every people made it a duty and a glory to gather large collections of manuscripts and books.—There were public libraries everywhere. One of the most renowned is that of the Vatican. There are in the library of the Vatican, copies of the Bible which date back to the sixth century of the Christian era, and many printed or manuscript works which are found nowhere else. But even here the Romish spirit shows itself. The most interesting documents are not accessible to the public; they are locked up in a very distinct apartment, called the Secret Archives, where only the trusty friends of the holy see can enter.

Germany possesses many public libraries, and is perhaps the country in Europe where are the most books, compared with the population. The learned Germans are noted for their book-mania.

Goettingen, Jena, Berlin, Halle, Heidelberg, all the universities have, each, a public library and aim to surpass the others in the numbers of volumes.

In Spain are rare and precious books. The library of the *Escorial* contains numerous manuscripts from the pens of Arabs. But these treasures lie buried under the dust of ages.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford, is one of the most complete which exist; it is especially rich in works of theology, and possesses some manuscripts which have served to revise the text of the New Testament.

France was tardy in forming public depositories for books. She was half-barbarous when Italy and Spain possessed a flourishing civilization. The struggles of the feudal lords, then the atrocious persecutions against the Albigenses, had checked the progress of science and learning. Under the French king Charles V., who lived from 1364 to 1380 the library of Paris contained 910 volumes. You can judge then what was the scarcity of books in the rest of France. The English, who invaded our country in the following century, carried off the most important manuscripts, and history assures us that the Duke of Bedford committed this pillage with much dexterity. King Louis XI. devoted himself to repair the loss, but was himself too much absorbed by his quarrels with the high feudal barons to succeed in this literary enterprise. Francis I, surnamed the Father of letters, because he loved and endowed the professors of the Universities, had about four hundred volumes. Now, the humblest village pastor has more. Henry IV. was happier in this respect than his predecessors. He suc-

ceeded in collecting several thousand volumes, and was the first who opened this library to the public. But in 1622, that is to say twelve years after his death, the royal library contained still but 6,000 manuscripts and nearly 10,000 printed books. What feeble beginnings for an establishment which now comprises so vast a number of volumes that it is almost impossible to count them!

Louis XIV, aided by his minister, Colbert, really created the royal library of Paris. This prince had deplorable vices and faults. But he applied himself to protect literature, because he viewed it as the most lasting glory of his reign, and he spared nothing to increase his collection of books. He gave orders to all his ambassadors to purchase either originals, or Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Chinese manuscripts. He paid their weight in gold for some rare works. He instructed consuls, catholic missionaries, all his agents to second him in this generous design. His efforts were crowned with full success. When he died, he left a library which could rival the greatest in Europe.

The prosecution of his work was continued to the eighteenth century, and the royal library contained about 200,000 volumes in 1798. At this last period, it received considerable increase, because the national convention ordered that all the books scattered in convents, and churches, should be placed in a common depository. This legislative measure brought, at a single stroke, more than 100,000 new volumes. But this surfeit of books was attended with one sad evil: the improbability from the mass and confusion of keeping an exact catalogue of all these books. To this day it is very difficult to get the works which you ask for, and it has become a proverb: *you can find nothing in the king's library.*

Napoleon might, amidst his remote conquests, have enriched very much the libraries of Paris, but he was too much occupied in organizing his armies to employ his time in literary pursuits. The governments of the Restoration and that of Louis Philip have done nothing worth mentioning for the increase of the Royal library; they have only continued to appropriate, every year from the treasury, a considerable sum designed for the purchase of new publications which appear out of France; for in France, there is a law requiring all authors to place gratuitously two copies of their works in the Royal library.

What is the present number of volumes which it contains? The answer to the question is difficult. Some say 700,000; others 1,200,000. This last number is no doubt exaggerated; but the first is not high enough. Probably the number of volumes is between 8 and 900,000. What a vast amount of labor from the brain! what an amount of science, learning, facts, reasonings, and also of folly and extravagance! How many unknown names in this multitude of authors who sleep by the side of one another! and how are we impressed with the nothingness of human



glory! Here are in this library thousands of writers who have exhausted their time, their strength in composing books which they judged worthy of the regard of posterity; and now most of them remain undisturbed on the shelves! Hardly a hundred or a hundred and fifty names have acquired a lasting popularity; the rest are almost entirely forgotten.

The royal library is divided into four sections. 1. Manuscripts; 2. Medals; 3. Engravings, maps and charts; 4. Printed books. The manuscripts are very numerous; they form 80,000 volumes, and contain more than a million detached parts. Here are autographs of almost all the great men who have done honor to France; for example, manuscripts of Corneille, Pascal, Moliere, Bossuet, Fenelon, Montesquieu, &c. This is the section which attracts most the attention of strangers. There are remarked in it the prayer books of Charles the bald, Louis IX., Mary Stuart, with a great many little pictures showing the patience and talent of copyists of the dark ages.

The medals number one hundred and forty thousand, of which 80,000 are ancient, and 60,000 modern. This collection of coins is unparalleled in the world. The collections of medals of the Roman emperors is nearly complete; there are pieces which date back to the age of the remotest Pharaohs.

As to engravings, maps and plans, the library offers every imaginable resource. It lacks only some military maps, which the government retains in its hands, because they may serve for the defence of the country, or the attack of foreign countries.

The Royal library is kept by four librarians called *conservators*. They are learned men who obtain this post as a just reward of their labors. They have under their orders a great many clerks, who bring the books to those who come to make researches. These clerks are young men of good family and good education. About *four hundred* persons go every day, to spend several hours in the vast halls of the library; and there are besides one or two hundred strangers merely to view the collections, in general. This establishment is well conducted, and the officers discharge faithfully their duties. All visitors are received with politeness. But as I have already observed, there is disorder in the arrangement of the books. The government gives 40,000 francs a year, to compose a good catalogue, and this work is not yet accomplished. It would seem that it presents obstacles almost insurmountable, because of the prodigious number of volumes. The difficulty is to place the books in *order of subjects*, and yet it is the only way to render such a catalogue useful. Readers complain very much of this state of things; for out of ten works which they call for, they are happy if they get four. For the other six they are told the book is not in its place.

There are in France 195 cities which have

such establishments, and the whole number of volumes they contain 2,600,000. Most of these libraries are not frequented by any body. They are too exclusively theological or literary, because they come from suppressed monasteries. It would be very useful if the government would form in our small towns *popular libraries*, which would serve to diffuse a taste for reading, and expand the minds of the people. Mr. Guizot thought of it, when he was minister of Public Instruction; but this laudable plan has not been executed.—*N. Y. Observer.* X.

#### FATTENING ANIMALS.

There are some rules which may be advantageously adopted in feeding animals, which however obvious they may be, are too often passed over neglected. Some of these will be specified; and

1st. *The proportion of Food.*—This should be so prepared that its nutritive properties may be all made available to the use of the animal, and not only so, be appropriated with the least possible expenditure of muscular energy. The ox that is obliged to wander over an acre to get the food he should find on two or three square rods; the horse that is two or three hours eating the coarse food he would swallow in fifteen minutes if the grain was ground, or the hay cut as it should be—the sheep that spends hours in making its way into a turnip, when, if it was sliced, it could be eaten in as many minutes—the pig that eats raw potatoes or whole corn, when either, cooked, could be eaten in one quarter of the time—may indeed fatten, but much less rapidly than if their food was given them in a proper manner. All food should go to a fattening animal in such a state, that as little time and labor as possible, on the part of the animal shall be required in eating.

2d. *The food should be in abundance.*—From the time the fattening process commences, until the animal is slaughtered, he should never be without food. Health and appetite are best promoted by change of food rather than limiting the quantity. The animal that is stuffed and starved alternately, may have streaked meat, but it will be made too slowly for the profit of the owner.

3d. *The food should be given regularly.*—This is one of the most essential points in feeding animals. If given irregularly, the animal indeed consumes its food, but he soon acquires a restless disposition, is disturbed at every appearance of his feeder, and is never in that quiet state necessary to the taking of fat. It is surprising how readily any animal acquires regularity of habits in feeding, and how soon the influence of this is felt in the improvement of his constitution. When at the regular hour the pig has had his pudding, or the sheep its turnips, they compose themselves to rest, with the consciousness that their digestion is not to be unseasonably disturbed, or their quite broken by unwonted invitation to eat.



### THE PARROQUET.

Some of our readers are familiar with these gawdy and remarkable birds, as they abound in the southern parts of our country; while others have seen them only in cages, kept with care in the house during the cold season, which would otherwise prove fatal to them. As these are birds which never migrate to the north, we should be much obliged to any of our southern readers, who would write some account of their habits, which they may have opportunity to observe. In return, we will endeavor hereafter to repay them, with the help of our more northern correspondents, by by some interesting particulars of the birds which are equally rare in their districts. And this is but one of the ways in which we hope to promote that common feeling which is highly desirable, and becoming to our country people, of all ages and descriptions.

The Perroquet, with several larger birds, much resembling each other, belongs to the second of the five orders of birds, viz., the Pyes, or Picæ, and to a division of that genus, called the Parrot family. Different writers differ somewhat. We will here copy from Buffon.

Birds of the pye kind are distinguished by having a beak in some degree resembling a wedge, and formed for cleaving; legs short and strong; bodies slender and impure; and by their subsisting on miscellaneous food. They generally breed in trees, and the females are fed by the males during the season of incubation.

#### *The Parrot Kind.*

In the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, minute descriptions is often necessary for enab-

ling us to distinguish between what may be useful or injurious, poisonous or salubrious: but in the animal, where productions vary only by shades of color, which the pencil alone can explain, it might be thought superfluous to enter into particular details of what language, at least, can convey no adequate idea of.

Linnaeus makes forty seven species in the beautiful family of parrots, and probably he has not described more than one half of them.

The distinguishing characters of the parrot family, are: that the beak is hooked; that the upper mandible is furnished with a moveable cere: that the nostrils are situate in the base of the beak: that the tongue is fleshy, obtuse, and entire; and that the feet are formed for climbing.

For the sake of distinction, this genus has been divided into *maccaus*, which are considerably larger than the rest of the kind, and approach the raven in size; *cockatoos*, which are easily known by their beautiful crests; *parrots*, properly so called, of a middling size, varied plumage, and tails moderately long; *loris*, which are chiefly white; and *parroquet*, the smallest of the genus, and yet at the same time furnished with the longest tails.

Its voice more exactly resembles the human than that of any other bird, and it is capable of numerous modifications which even the tones of man cannot reach.

The facility with which this kind is taught to speak, and the degree of memory which it possesses, are not a little surprising. A grave writer assures us, that one of them learned to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and Goldsmith asserts that he saw a parrot belonging to a distiller who had suffered considerably in his circumstances from an informer, his opposite neighbor, that could tell him of his duty.





## RUTH GLEANING.

The story of Ruth, we may safely presume, ever has, and ever will be, one of the favorite narratives to every reader of the Bible, as well as one of the most affecting and most useful. The struggle of love to God and faith in him, against the attachments of country, and their complete triumph, are depicted in language so simple and natural, and in circumstances so touching, that a child needs little or no explanation, fully to comprehend, and deeply to feel the charming story. At the same time, the various lessons taught, of the care taken by God of the humblest and most unprotected and helpless of his creatures, of his faithfulness to his promises, and his power to bring joy and prosperity out of sorrow and adversity, in his own chosen and best time, render it in several points of view a peculiar part of the sacred volume. But beside this, the few short chapters of Ruth give hints of a primitive state of society of much importance to the student of history, both sacred and profane. These may be examined by opening almost any of the commentators upon our shelves, or which are so nobly provided for us and our children in the Sabbath-school libraries.

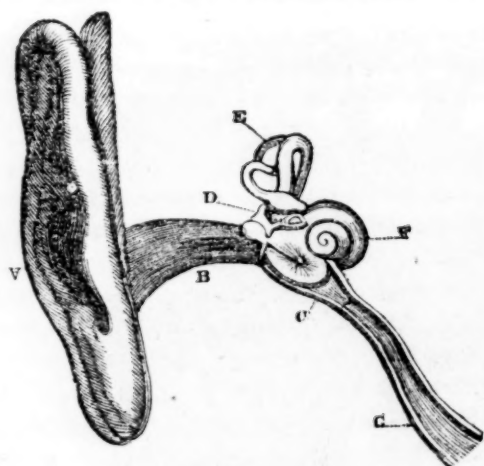
Among the many highly poetical compositions contained in many of our hymn-books, there is none perhaps more affecting,

more appropriate and delightful to the heart, when exercised by some of its most genuine emotions, than the well known paraphrase, by Montgomery, of Ruth's Address to her Mother-in-law. We hope, for their own sakes, that there are none of our readers, who are unacquainted with the high enjoyments which intimate Christian intercourse affords, especially such as is promoted by social worship, conducted in the simple manner happily so extensively practised in our country. Thousands, no doubt, on reading the following elegant, refined and favorite lines, will find that they are associated with the humbling yet exalting feelings of the Christian assembly.

People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around;  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort no where found.

Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns, a fugitive, unblest.  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O, receive me to your rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:  
Where you live shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be me grave,  
Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can hold my soul no more  
Ev'ry idol I resign.



THE EAR.

It is well for us that our organs of hearing are so well protected from injury by their position. So highly important are they to our convenience and enjoyment, and at the same time so delicate in their construction, and so easily injured, that, if they were exposed on the surface, and guarded only by our ignorance and carelessness, how many of us might now be suffering from their injury or ruin!

It is necessary that our eyes should be external. If sunken deep in our heads, they could not command that hemisphere, which we now continually overlook before us. And the eye has this advantage, which renders it more safe in such an exposed situation: it is much better able to discover the approach of what might injure it. This, added to the surrounding prominences of bone, the ever ready veil of the eyelid (which moves like lightning to intercept the approach even of every floating atom,) and the instinctive motions of the whole frame, which seems always to shrink from, or to oppose any thing that threatens the organ, usually preserves our organs of sight to the end of our days, from all violence.

The ear consists of three very distinct parts: the one placed externally, V, is intended to collect sounds. This is done by reflecting them towards the centre, and finally, after collecting them from all sides, by repeated reflections, throwing them into the channel B., which penetrates into the head. The external ear is called the *Concha*, or shell, and somewhat resembles the couch, and several other shells, in general appearance.

The *Concha*, says Richerand, and the *meatus auditorius externus*, (that is the beginning

of the channel,) may be compared to an acoustic trumpet, or ear-horn. The *Concha* contains several prominences, separated by corresponding depressions. The concave part is not wholly turned outward, in those persons who have not laid their ears flat against their heads by tight bandages; it is turned slightly forward; and this arrangement, favorable to the collection of sound, is particularly remarkable in savages, whose hearing, it is well known, is remarkably delicate. The base of the *Concha* consists of a fibro-cartilaginous substance; thin, elastic, calculated to reflect sounds, and to increase their strength and intensity, by the vibrations to which it is liable. The cartilage is covered by a very thin skin, under which no fat is collected that could impair its elasticity. These prominences are connected by small muscles, which may relax it by drawing the projections together, and thus place it in unison with the acute and grave sounds.

When the sound has entered the passage B, it passes through it, and strikes upon a small membrane, stretched across it like a drum-head, (near C,) and which vibrates like one. Its names, in both English and Latin, express this similarity, viz., "Ear-drum," and "*Membrana tympani*." Behind it is a small cavity, containing a curious chain of little bones, D, E, F, which extend inward from the ear-drum.

One of these bones resembles a stirrup-iron, and another a little hammer. The latter, called the *Malleus*, or mallet, and the former, called the *stapes*, have delicate muscles, which move them slightly, or relax and tighten the membranes to which they are attached, and thus fit the ear to receive and to hear, with the greatest advantage, and the least pain or inconvenience, sounds of all kinds.

The cavity behind the membrane is filled with air, which is occasionally changed, by the *Eustachian tubes*, formed for the purpose. Several compartments of the cavity, called the *Mastoid cells*, are also filled with it, and they are supposed to extend the effect of vibrations communicated to it through the membrane. The nerve C. A. by its mysterious influence, conveys the impressions to the brain.

We have perhaps said enough at the present time on this very curious and instructive subject, but shall resume it.



*For the American Penny Magazine.*

**A Sketch of the Life of Hernando Cortes,  
and the Conquest of Mexico.\***

The Conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortes, at the head of a few hundred Spaniards, forms one of the most romantic of these episodes in history, which give color to the saying, that "Truth is stronger than Fiction."

Hernando Cortes was born in Medella, a town in the south eastern corner of Estramadura, a province of Spain, in 1485. His father, Martin Cortes de Mony, was a captain of infantry, in moderate circumstances; and, judging from history, both he and his wife were much beloved for their excellent qualities. At the age of fourteen Cortes was sent to College, his father thinking that he would prefer a profession to any other mode of life. But this Cortes did not like; and, after spending two years at college, he returned home. He was unemployed for a year: but, at the end of that time, he declined his intention of entering the army; and, his parents making no objections, he did so. It was, however, many years before he saw active service; and, in 1504, he embarked for the Island of Hispaniola, where he remained for many years, and practised the profession of an Agriculturist, till the Governor, Diego Velasquez, undertook the subjugation of Cuba. Cortes joined this expedition as a volunteer, took an active part in all its stirring events, and so distinguished himself, that he acquired great renown.

After this he remained unemployed till 1518; when Velasquez determined to send an expedition to conquer Mexico, of which country he had heard exaggerated accounts, from Indians, and others who had visited it, and who characterized it as a country abounding in gold and other precious metals. He selected Hernando Cortes as the most suitable person to be the commander of the Armada: but, after he had conferred the command, he changed his mind, and would have recalled it, but could not: for Cortes and himself had heretofore been the most inveterate enemies. Nevertheless, Velasquez knew "That a mine

of gold was contained within the casket of Cortes' breast;" and that he possessed qualities which fitted him more eminently for the undertaking, than any other person on the islands: and it was on this ground that he first bestowed the command. Cortes set sail in the same year, 1518, on the 18th of November, having under his command several small vessels, which were severally commanded by Pedro de Alvaredo, Christoval de Olid, Alonzo de Avilla, Velasquez de Leon and Gonsalvo de Sandoval, all of whom took important parts in the conquest.

He landed in Mexico in the month of December, and the day following, fought a battle with the inhabitants, defeating them with much loss. And here may be said to have commenced his long career of extraordinary success, by which he was enabled to penetrate into the very heart of the empire, with but a few hundred Spaniards under his command, defeating immense armies of the natives, and taking villages, towns and cities without number. Montezumna, the emperor of Mexico, hearing of the arrival of the Spaniards, and having thrown every obstacle in his power in their way, at last however felt himself compelled to extend an invitation to them to visit him in his capital, fearing that if he did not, they would wrest the empire from him by force. Meanwhile Cortes, having once begun the conquest, was resolved on its completion; and, to effect this purpose, and cut off all hope of escape, he caused the vessels which had brought them to the coast to be destroyed, with the exception of one of small size.\* This perhaps is one of the most remarkable passages in the life of this extraordinary man. History indeed affords examples of a similar expedient in emergencies: but no where the chances of success were so precarious, and defeat would have been so disastrous.

Had he failed, it might well have seemed an act of madness! Yet it was the result of deliberate calculation. He had set fortune, fame, life itself, all upon the cast, and must abide the issue. There was no alternative in his mind, but to succeed or perish. The measure he adopted greatly increased the chances of success: but, to carry it into execution, in the face of an incensed soldiery, was an act of resolution that has few parallels in history!

\* Bernal Diaz Hist. of the Conquest.

\* The writer would remark, that he has been indebted, in the compilation of the following article, to "The Despatches of Cortes," edited by Geo. Folsom; De Solis's Conquest of Mexico, and Prescott's Conquest of Mexico: books which cannot be too highly recommended to our lovers of historical lore.

The cry now was;—"To Mexico! To Mexico!" The soldiers forgot their anger, and were eager to be led on to conquest. The general, however, according to his custom, made a short speech to the soldiery before marching. "He told them they were now to embark in earnest, on an enterprise which had been the great object of their desires; that the blessed Savior would carry them victorious, through every battle with their enemies! "Indeed," he added, "this assurance must be our stay; for every other refuge is now cut off, but that afforded by the providence of God, and your own stout hearts. He ended by comparing their achievements to those of the Ancient Romans, in phrases of honeyed eloquence far beyond anything I can repeat," says the brave and simple-hearted Bernal Diaz, who heard them.

Cortes was indeed master of that eloquence which went to the soldiers' hearts; for their sympathies were his, and he shared in that romantic spirit which belonged to them. "We are ready to obey you," they cried, as with one voice; "Our fortunes, for better or worse, are cast with yours;" and, with these words, the little army, buoyant with high hopes, and lofty plans of conquest, set forward on the march to Mexico, on the 16th August, 1519.

The task was now indeed commenced; and Montezuma, after throwing the most dangerous obstacles in the way of the Spaniards, in the hope of making them turn back, and causing them to fight many severe battles, all of which he afterwards denied, though it was proved beyond a doubt, permitted them to approach the capital; and, on the 8th of November, 1519, they entered it, and were kindly received by Montezuma, and accommodations of a princely character were assigned to them for quarters. But the restless spirit of Cortes determined him to take possession of the city; and, in accomplishing this object, he used every means within his power. Montezuma was seized and made a prisoner, though the Spaniards endeavored to impose upon the people the idea, that he was still their lord and king. They thought, by allowing him a show of sovereignty, to rule in his name, until they had taken measures for securing their safety, and the success of the enterprise. The idea of employing a monarch as a tool for the government of his own kingdom, if a rare

one in the age of Cortes, is certainly not so in ours.

But the Mexicans, a fierce and warlike people, were not disposed to submit tamely to this, and rose up in arms to recover their monarch and their freedom. At the solicitation of his enemies, however, Montezuma endeavored to appease the people, by appearing before them; but it was useless. The Mexicans, too much incensed to heed him, at a signal, poured a shower of missiles, upon the spot where he stood, one of which proved fatal to him, after he had lingered two or three days.

And here I must pause, to say a few words in admiration of this unfortunate monarch, who had swayed the sceptre with such consummate policy and wisdom, and who was held in greater reverence and awe than any other prince of his lineage, or any indeed who ever sat on a throne in this western world. With him may be said to have terminated the royal line of Aztecs, and the glory to have passed away from the empire, which under him had reached the zenith of its prosperity.

*(To be concluded.)*

#### THE GENERALS IN CAMP.

The contrast of the two commanding Generals, Taylor and Arista, in the pomp and circumstance of war, was characteristic of the different institutions under which they lived. There was a semi-barbaric splendor associated with Arista's, according with the despotism of the Mexican governments, a simplicity about that of Taylor's equally significant of pure Republican institutions.

The marquee of the commanding General of the Mexican forces was bell-shaped, and of great size. The material of which it was composed, was ornamented by parti colored stripes, giving it a holiday appearance. Around it were stationed gaily dressed officers who glistened in the sun, and were ever ready to pay the most abject respect to their chief.—Led horses richly caparisoned slowly paced in sight. Protecting its rear, like continued labyrinthian walls, were arranged the equipage of the camp. Pack saddles for five hundred mules were tastefully placed for display, and their loads near by, heaped up in prodigal confusion. To the poor Mexican soldier, bivouacked in the open air, this wealth seemed a vision of a fairy land, and its conventional possessor, rich beyond their imagination, and powerful beyond comparison.

Bands of rude music almost constantly rent the air with their noisy labor. The furniture of the marquee was rich; the costly figured chests of the camp were the ornamental furniture; upon their tops reposed in ostentation,



the heavy silver service of the table, or the elegantly finished "maps of the campaign." In this array, sat the commanding General, surrounded by his numerous staff—his clothes of gay colors and laced to vulgar profusion. Visits of business were conducted with pomp and needless delays; long lines of officials stared and leered, and were impudent or cringing, as suited their purposes best. Music rolled, sabres and muskets rattled, and the buzz of inflated greatness and hollow pretence, was triumphant.

About a mile above the city of Matamoras, a little distance from the banks of the Rio Grande, are to be seen (June 1st.) some stunted, ill shaped trees, which bend their gauged and almost leafless limbs over a group of three or four small tents, only different from those of the common soldier in their rear, in this, that they are heterogenously disposed of for shade, instead of being in a line, regardless of all else than military precision. The plain about is dotted over with thousands of tents, before many of which were artillery, and groups of men and soldiers; and over some waved in triumphant folds our national flag, giving promise of more importance and pomp, than the little knot to which we have particularly alluded. We wended our way on towards the dwarfish trees that were distinguished, from being a few feet higher than the surrounding brush, and for the little group of tents that rested beneath them, for they were pointed out as marking the *head-quarters* of the commanding General of a triumphant American army. Not the slightest token was visible, to mark one tent in the group from another, there were no sentinels or any military parade present; a chubby sun-burnt child, "belonging to the camp," was playing near by in the grass, temporarily arrested in its wanderings by some insect of unusual size that was delving in the dust. We presented ourselves at the opening of one of the tents, before which was standing a dragoon's horse, much used by hard service. Upon a camp stool at our left, sat General —, in busy conversation with a hearty looking old gentleman, sitting on a box, cushioned with an Arkansas blanket, dressed in Attakapas pantaloons and a linen roundabout, and remarkable for a bright flashing eye, a high forehead, a farmer look, and "rough and ready" appearance. It is hardly necessary for us to say, that this personage was General Taylor, the commanding hero of two of the most remarkable battles on record, and the man who, by his firmness and decision of character, has shed lustre upon the American arms.

There was no pomp about his tent; a couple of rough blue chests served for his table, on which were strown in masterly confusion a variety of official-looking documents. A quiet-looking citizen-dressed personage made his appearance upon hearing the significant call of "Ben," bearing on a tin salver, a couple of black bottles and shining t mblers, arranged around an earthen pitcher

of Rio Grande water. These refreshments were deposited upon a stool, and "we helped ourselves," by invitation. We bore to the General a complimentary gift from some of his fellow citizens of New Orleans, which he declined receiving for the present, giving at the same time a short, but "hard sense" lecture, on the impropriety of naming children and places after men before they were dead, or of his receiving a present for his services "before the campaign, so far as he was concerned, was finished."—*N. O. Trop.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OREGON AS IT IS.

Description of Oregon written by Rev. Mr. Hines, who has resided in Oregon as a Methodist Missionary for many years, and has recently returned to this country by way of China.

"Mr. Hines describes the Oregon Territory as bounded Northerly 120 miles by Puget Inlet, and from the Eastern termination of that Inlet by a ridge of mountains which divides the waters of Frazer's river from those which flow into the Columbia—said ridge extending in a direction East North-East to the Rocky Mountains. According to this definition, the United States have got nearly "the whole of Oregon," though they have stopped a long way short of 54.40. The natural boundary described by Mr. Hines, is the boundary which would have resulted from Mr. Calhoun's able argument in support of the American title, addressed to the British Minister, Mr. Pakenham. Mr. C. claimed for the U. S. all the country drained by the Oregon or Columbia river. It is however better to adopt the 49th parallel, agreeably to the Treaty just signed and ratified by the American Government, (and which is sure to be signed and ratified by the British Government,) because it leaves no chance for future differences, and gives us a territory more symmetrical and compact.

"The Pacific coast which falls to us under Treaty, is about 450 miles in length, extending from lat. 42 to Cape Flattery at the entrance of Puget Inlet. Along the Inlet we have a "water front" of 120 miles; making a total of near 600 miles of coast, without including the gulf which projects from the East end of Puget Inlet, far to the Southward, commonly called Admiralty Inlet. These two Inlets, the latter of which is wholly ours—contain a plenty of harbors, and they are the only good harbors we possess on that coast. South of

Cape Flattery, the only harbor which a ship can enter is the mouth of Columbia river, and that, as all our readers know, is difficult of access, and often extremely dangerous.

"The area of surface embraced within American Oregon as defined by the Treaty, is probably not less than 300,000 square miles; or more than six times that of the State of New York. The country about Puget Sound, which has been generally described as an excellent agricultural district, is represented by Mr. Hines as extremely barren, although "level and exceedingly beautiful." Strictly speaking, he says, there is no soil. The prairies are covered with shingle, or small stones, with scarcely any admixture of earth. Indeed there are but few places on this somewhat extensive tract, where any thing can be raised. And this, be it observed, is the tract, or district, about which two great nations have been disputing these thirty years, and for the possession of which they have at times been in imminent danger of incurring the direst calamities.—*Jour. of Com.*

HOPE ALWAYS.—"The first question which should present itself to you in the management of a particular case is this—Is the disease one of which the patient may recover, or is not? There are, indeed, too many cases in which the patient's condition is so manifestly hopeless, that it is impossible for you to overlook it. Let me, however, caution you that you do not, in any instance, arrive too hastily at this conclusion. Our knowledge is not so absolute and certain as to prevent even well-informed persons being occasionally mistaken on this point. This is true especially with respect to the affections of internal organs. Individuals have been restored to health who were supposed to be dying of disease in the lungs or mesenteric glands. But it is also true, though to a less extent, with respect to diseases of parts which are situated externally. I know females who are now alive and well, who were supposed to labor under some fatal malignant disease; and I could mention many cases in which patients have recovered of what had been regarded as an incurable disease of a joint. It is a good rule in the practice of our art, as in the common affairs of life, for us to look on the favorable side of the question, as far as we can consistently with reason do so. A sanguine mind tempered by a good judgment is the best for a medical practitioner. Those who from physical causes or habit

are of a desponding character, will sometimes abandon a patient to a speedy death, whom another would have preserved altogether, or for a considerable time."—*Brodie's Lectures.*

BE QUIET.—"There are many diseases which, for the most part, undergo a spontaneous cure; and we should always be very cautious how, in such cases, we disturb the natural process. A prudent physician watches a case of measles and small pox, but it is only on some special occasions that he ventures to have recourse to any active remedies. The surgeon ought to be influenced by similar views in the management of the cases which come under his care: those, especially, in which the patient suffers from the effects of mechanical injury. The animal system is not like a clock or a steam-engine, which, being broken, you must send to the clock-maker or engineer to mend it, and which cannot be repaired otherwise. The living machine, unlike the works of human invention, has the power of repairing itself; it contains within itself its own engineer, who, for the most part, requires no more than some very slight assistance at our hands. We bring the edges of a wound into contact, but the vascular union, which constitutes the healing by the first intention, is the work of a higher art than any that we profess to practice. If this mode of union fails, and the wound is to be healed by granulations still this is a simple fracture, all that we can do is to place the two ends of the bones in a proper position, and keep them in it. The process by which they are made to unite, so as to be again consolidated into one bone, is not under our domination and control. These are, it is true, examples of slighter and simpler injury; but even in those in which the injury is more severe and complicated, it is easy for us to interfere to the patient's disadvantage; and in fact it may be truly said, that there is, on the whole, more harm done by too much than there is by too little interference."—*Brodie's Lectures.*

Westward!—A covered wagon of extraordinary dimensions, with four horses attached, passed through St. Louis en route for Wisconsin. We did not ascertain whence it came. There were several persons snugly housed in it, who appeared to have made every arrangement for support and comfort.—A cooking stove was furnishing supplies and other household appendages were in readiness to administer to all the outward wants and necessities of the occupants of the emigrating domicile.



## AGRICULTURAL.

**BUTTER MAKING IN THE WEST.**

Extract of a letter in the *Prarie Farmer*, from Mr. G. Vials, of Cook County, Illinois.

There is much poor butter made in the country, but there are many who make it of as good quality as the butter of Orange county, New York, which shows that the fault is not in the climate or in the grass; but there are many reasons. The country is comparatively new, and many of us have not the conveniences that they have in older settled places.

A good dry cellar and pure cold water are indispensably necessary, and we may say too, that ice is very necessary in warm weather to regulate the cream to the right temperature for churning. Then the greatest secret is to work out every particle of the buttermilk—then add nothing to it except a sufficient quantity of salt, (it should be rock salt, ground.) The firkins should be made of white oak, or white ash, free from sap—or which is still better, the wild mulberry. They should be made with two heads, perfectly tight, and smooth inside to hold about seventy-five or eighty pounds, or about ten gallons; and when made of oak or ash should be soaked, say twenty-four hours, with warm water impregnated a little with salt, to take out the acid that remains in the oak or ash. I believe there is none in the mulberry. As soon as the butter is ready, pack it immediately in the firkins, and till it as soon as possible to within about an inch and a half of the head; and head it up and fill up the space under the head with brine, through the head—then stop the hole tight with wood of the same kind, and the making is completed. The next thing is to preserve it through the warm weather.

I find the best way for preserving it is to take an empty salt barrel, and put three or four inches deep of salt in the bottom—then set the firkins in the barrel on the salt—pack salt in the barrel around the firkins till the barrel is full—then put it away in a cold dry cellar and let it remain there till cold weather, when it will be good and fresh, and fit for any market.

People who have no cellars will find it to their advantage to pack it in salt in this way, as the salt will keep the heat and air in a measure from the firkins; and it is but little trouble and no expense. If you take a clean barrel, the firkins should of course be clean and new.

Cook Co., Ill., 1846.

**Ferocious Attack by a Panther.**—Mr. William W. Rice, of Attakapas, has given an account of a singular occurrence which took place on the plantation of his father, Mr. John Rice, Bayou Sale, on the night of the 4th instant. At about nine o'clock, a negro man named Isaac, a valuable mechanic be-

longing to Mr. Henry C. Dwight, of Franklin, was standing near a cabin in the negro quarters, when a large panther came up to within a few paces of him. It was a moonlight night, and he could see the panther crouched ready to spring upon him. He immediately commenced retreating towards where a number of negroes were collected, with his eyes on the animal. After backing a few paces, the negro turned to run, when the panther sprang upon him from a distance of about ten feet, seizing the left arm, near the shoulder, in the mouth, striking his claws into the negro's back. The negro was thrown down, but immediately arose partially, still in the grasp of the panther, and called loudly for assistance. His cries gathered the negroes and dogs, but the panther held on some time, even after the dogs had seized him.—Through the aid of the dogs on which the panther turned, the negro freed himself from the uncomfortable embrace, but the ferocious animal renewed the attack, springing upon and seizing him by the left shoulder. By this time several collected with clubs and axes, and the man Isaac made his escape, with his arm and shoulder dreadfully lacerated, and his back severely scratched, while the panther made for the bayou pursued by the dogs. In the mean time a gun was procured, and the animal shot, while engaged in a furious fight with the dogs. He measured eight feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and weighed from 150 to 175 lbs. The animal is the Cougar, or Puma (*Felis concolor*.) commonly called in this country, the Panther, and is the largest and most formidable of the Cat kind in North America.

**Wonders of Philosophy.**—The polypus receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are 4,041 muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, 13,000 arteries, vessels, veins, and bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1,000 to each mass, join together, when they come out, and make thread, with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread, consists of more than 1,000 united. Leuwenhoeck, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no longer than a grain of sand, who spun threads so fine that it took 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.—*Selected.*

If laboring men would save 6 cents a day it would be \$24 a year, equal to a capital of \$350; how much more pleasure it would afford a family, on the small sum, to take a good local paper, and make a selection of choice books for a library, which can entertain us on rainy days, when unwell, or of winter evenings!



## POETRY.

## A VICTORY.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune  
 Along the evening air;  
 The crackling bonfires turn the sky  
 All crimson with the glare;  
 Bold music fills the startled streets  
 With mirth-inspiring sound;  
 The gaping cannon's reddening breath  
 Wakes thunder-shouts around;  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,  
 And with her kitten played;  
 Less wild and frolicsome than she,  
 That rosy prattling maid.  
 Sudden her cheek turns ghastly white;  
 Her eye with fear is filled,  
 And rushing in-of-doo's, she screams—  
 "My brother Willie's killed!"  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,  
 A knitting by the fire,  
 Plying the needle's thrifty task  
 With hands that never tire;  
 She tore her few grey hairs, and shriek'd  
 "My joy on earth is done!"  
 Oh! who will lay me in my grave?  
 Oh! God! my son! my son!"—  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! a Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,  
 With matron's treasure blessed;  
 A smiling infant nestling lay  
 In slumber at her breast.  
 She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,  
 The widow's tale to tell;  
 But like a corpse, all white and stiff,  
 Upon the earth-floor fell.—  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! a Victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,  
 And years threescore and ten,  
 Looked in upon his cabin-home,  
 And anguish seized him then.  
 He helped not wife, nor helpless babe,  
 Matron, nor little maid:  
 One scalding tear, one choking sob—  
 He knelt him down and prayed.  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! a Victory!"

THE REV. R. E. B. MACLELLAN.

*Jerrold's Mag.*

For the American Penny Magazine.

## ENIGMA, No. 11.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
 My 12, 3, 8, 10, was a favorite of God.  
 My 2, 4, 11, 6, is a lake in North America.  
 My 2, 8, 4, 12, is a lake in Scotland.  
 My 8, 16, 13, 8, 4, 8, is a river in the Russian empire.

My 12, 6, 7, 10, 2, 8, 4, 14, is that without which we cannot be happy.

My 1, 8, 12, 5, 2, 9, is a river in Hindostan.  
 My whole is the name of a great Statesman.  
 J. M. P.

## RECEIPTS.

*For a Fit of Despondency;* look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom. Referred to Psalms 32d. 8.

## Cooking Veal,

BY MISS LESLIE'S "SEVENTY FIVE RECEIPTS."

*Godiveau.*—Take a large piece of fillet of veal, free from fat or skin. Mince it small, and then pound it in a mortar till it is a smooth paste. Afterwards rub it through a cullender or seive.

Examine all the false theologies of the ancients and moderns; read, in Homer or Hesiod, the religious codes of the Greeks; study those of the Budhists, those of the Brahmins, those of the Mahommedans; you will find in them not only systems revolting in their views of the Deity, but you will there meet the grossest errors concerning the material world; their theology will doubtless be revolting to you; but their natural philosophy too and their astronomy, always bound to their religion, will present the most absurd notions.—*Selected.*

## THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE

AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

With numerous Engravings.

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

Is published weekly, at the office of the New York Express, No. 112 Broadway, at 3 cents a number, (16 pages large octavo,) or, to subscribers receiving it by mail, and paying in advance, \$1 a year.

6 sets for \$5.

Back numbers can be supplied.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money.

Enclose a One Dollar Bill, without payment of postage, and the work will be sent for the year.

"The information contained in this work is worth more than silver."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"It should be in every family in the country."—*N. Y. Baptist Recorder.*

The New York Methodist Advocate speaks of it in similar terms. Also many other papers.

Editors of newspapers publishing this advertisement for 3 months, will be furnished with the work for one year.